

How could I've been so blind?

by Nachtdrache

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Summary: In the night when Lily dies, Severus' world collapses. Dumbledore sees a side of his young new teacher he had never expected. - Warning: suicide, child abuse, self-harm

1. Prologue

Summary:

In the night when Lily dies, Severus' world collapses. Dumbledore sees a side of his young new teacher he had never expected.

Rating: T

Warning:

****suicide, mentions of child abuse and self-harm in later chapters****

can be seen as (slightly) bashing Dumbledore and maybe slight AU

Author's Note:

Please note that English is not my native language.

Set before that conversation in the headmasters office.

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><p>How could I've been so blind?

****Prologue****

Dead. Gone. Faded from this world.

He was alone. No one left who really knew him. No one who could see his heart. No one who made his life worth living anymore.

Tears were running down his cheeks. He didn't care if someone saw him weak like this. They wouldn't be able to mock him. He would be dead later, follow here into whatever might lie beyond.

He took a knife and placed the blade right next to the other scar on his right wrist. He knew it wouldn't hurt, he had already done it once, fourteen years ago.

Yet he hesitated for a moment. He had left no note to explain this, no word to say goodbye. But who would care anyway? No one liked him, or trusted him. Not even Dumbledore. Why stay then? Or leave a note?

With this thoughts he cut, deep. He watched as the blood ran out of the wound. Quickly it formed a pool beneath his hand, which he had laid upon the desk, and trickled down on the floor.

A few seconds later everything went black and he passed out.

He didn't hear the knock on the door.

* * *

><p>Next chapter will be on tomorrow, if nothing unexpected happens.<p>

2. Chapter 1

****As I promised, next chapter today!****

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><p>How could I've been so blind?

****Chapter 1****

When Dumbledore first got the news of James and Lily Potter's death, he didn't feel much. Only disbelieve. It couldn't be true. How could this have happened?

They were guarded, every possible protection charm was cast around their home. But somehow Voldemort must have broken through them.

Now he was back in his office. Harry was brought to his relatives and safe, until Voldemort would return.

It was then when the realization hit him. They were dead. He would never see them again. Grief washed over him, tears filled his old eyes. Dumbledore never thought he would mourn someone like that ever again.

Some minutes later he felt better. Crying heals the soul, it was said. The sorrow was still there, but he felt like he could handle it, at least for now.

Dumbledore took a few deep breaths, calmed himself. A more difficult task was waiting for him. He had to talk to Severus. He had to settle some things with the young man. It wouldn't be an easy conversation, that much was obvious.

With a sigh the old man got up and made his way towards the dungeons. It was a miracle to the headmaster why he had requested to live there. No other teacher ever asked that. Down there it was dark and cold, not very comfortable.

The nearer he got to the private chambers of his new teacher, the worse his feeling became. Surely due to his surroundings. He had never liked the dungeons, not even when he was a student. But he pushed that to the back of his mind.

If Severus knew? Most likely he did. He must have felt the Dark Mark fade away. Certainly he found out how this had happened. How did he take it? Yes, he said he loved Lily. But how much was this worth from a mouth of a Slytherin, especially a Death Eater?

Dumbledore reached the door. Again there was the feeling that something was terribly wrong here. Again he pushed it away. Surely it was nothing.

He knocked.

There was no answer.

He knocked again, louder this time.

Still no reply, only silence from within the chambers. Well, if the young man didn't want to talk to him, he would force him to.

The headmaster unlocked the door, stood in and closed it behind him. When he turned around he hit the wall as he backed away in shock.

There, behind his desk, sat Severus, his head rested on his left arm. He might have slept, if it wasn't for the pool of blood around his right hand. He had opened his veins, the blade still hold in his hand.

Dumbledore went over to the young man. Quickly he conjured bandages around the wrist. But he didn't know how much time had passed since his teacher had done this. He would have to take him to Poppy.

The headmaster sent his Patronus to her, telling the medi-witch what had happened and that he was coming now. Then he lifted Severus' almost lifeless body onto a magical stretcher and made his way to the infirmary.

Poppy was already waiting for him at the entrance, a worried expression on her face.

"Why did he do this?", she asked while they were bringing him to a separated chamber.

"I don't know. He left no note", Dumbledore replied. Probably he really loved Lily. But why should he decide to end his life then? It wasn't the end of the world after all. He grieved her as well, yes, but it had never crossed his mind to take drastic measures like that only because of one's death.

Meanwhile Poppy removed the bandages around Severus' wrist. The wound started to bleed again, but not as much as before. With a simple spell she cleaned the skin from the blood. What was revealed wasn't nice.

The wound was deep, maybe even deep enough to have left damage on the muscles. What shocked them most was the scar right next to it. An ugly scar, saying that this had happened before.

It gave no explanation to why he did it. But it was obvious that he would try again. Tears filled Poppy's eyes at this realization. She didn't know him, or really liked him, nevertheless she felt sorry for him. To even think of committing suicide was a sign that he was in a very bad mental state. To actually do it even more so.

"I fear I can't heal it completely. It must go the natural way. And it will leave another scar", she finally managed. "The only thing I can do is to fix the muscles beneath. At least he will have no problem with moving his hand afterwards."

Dumbledore just nodded, lost in thoughts. He still wondered what the reasons for this were. If Severus was affected by another one's death that much, even if it was a loved person, he certainly wouldn't have become a Death Eater. Surely he had seen others die, some at his own hands. Yet there was only one scar, only one other attempt. So this couldn't be the reason. At least not the only one.

"Do you mind if I cast a full diagnostic spell over him? I can't remember ever seeing him here when he was a student. And as he can't speak for himself, I have to ask you", Poppy interrupted his thoughts.

"Er â€¦ yes, just do it", he gave her permission. Severus probably wouldn't like it, but he was in no state to defend himself now. And he wouldn't agree later after he woke up. If he did.

The medi-witch conjured a piece of parchment to list everything what she might find. The list grew longer with every second, not stopping to name injuries for a few minutes. What Poppy read made every colour in face disappear. She had to sit down.

* * *

><p>As I'm a mean person *evil smile* I'll let you wait for the next chapter till Friday or Saturday. No, the truth is, I do not have access to the Internet during the week, sorry for that, not my fault. At least I have time to write.

****Please review!****

3. Chapter 2

****Thank you to everyone who reviewed so far!****

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><p>How could I've been so blind?

****Chapter 2****

"Poppy, what is it? What did you find?", Dumbledore asked, worried about her sudden paleness.

She didn't answer, just handed him the parchment. He cast her another worrying glance, then looked at the list. He didn't like what he read, not at all.

Well, he had expected to see the Cruciatus Curse named on it. After all Voldemort was not known to be friendly. It was the amount that was shocking. Nearly a thousand times he had been tortured by this or similar curses. And it hadn't even been four years! That alone must have been hell for Severus. And it wasn't getting better as he read on. In fact, it got even worse.

The list showed cuts on his right arm, both fresh and already faded to scars. There was only one person possible who would do this so regularly and neatly, almost seeking the pain: Severus himself.

Next came the formerly broken bones. It seemed that every single rib was broken at least once, most twice or more often. Both his wrists had been cracked many times, his ankles sprained. Shoulders, arms and legs broken as well.

Some were done recently, due to the torture he had been given by Voldemort. But most were listed earlier, when he was a child, many even before he came to Hogwarts. All of the following injuries were settled in this time. The ones which left signs on his skin.

There were bruises on his back and arms, made by a belt or strong hands, most likely. Then came the open wounds, now scars. Most were on his back, giving evidence of many beatings with a whip or a cane. But they were not only limited to this area. His feet bore scars as well.

And, of course, there was this scar on his wrist. It was done at the age of seven. A sad sign of how unbearable it must have been for young Severus to go through all this abuse.

The fact that he was malnourished all these years almost seemed normal, matching the many injuries and the actions behind them.

Understanding hit the headmaster as he finished reading. Of course it must have been living hell for Severus to endure the abuse at home. Of course he must have looked for a way to escape it. Sadly, he chose the most drastic one.

Dumbledore knew that Lily and Severus grew up in the same town. He knew they met before they came to Hogwarts. Now he knew she must have meant everything to him, everything to give his life a purpose. The only one bringing some light into his dark childhood.

Then came the guilt. He should have seen it. He could have stopped it. Severus had always been that hateful towards muggleborns, towards other students in general. Except Lily. But Dumbledore had always denied to see that. It was easier to punish the Slytherin for his wrong doings rather than look for the reasons behind them. If he had done so, he would have realized that he was pushing him even further into darkness.

How could I've been so blind?, Dumbledore thought. If Severus was another student, from another house, he would have done everything to save him. But he wasn't, and for that he had done nothing.

And, maybe even worse, his pain didn't end after school. The only difference was that it was magic, a curse, hurting him. The old man wondered if his ignorance had caused Severus' decision to join Voldemort. He must have realized what the headmaster was doing, or rather, what he was not doing. Surely it gave him proof that no one cared about his fate anyway.

"Did you know this?", Poppy asked, finally gaining her voice again.

"No, I had no idea", Dumbledore replied.

"The poor boy. I don't want to imagine what he had to go through. It must have been horrible!"

"Nor do I. I should have seen it, though", the headmaster couldn't stop the guilt controlling his mind.

"It's not only your fault. We all should have realized it. Sometimes he seemed to be ill when I saw him, yet he's never been in the infirmary. If not his paleness, this should have made me curious."

Both fell silent for a while. Then Poppy gave a sad sigh.

"What is it?"

"I have to check if his bones healed properly. I think at least his ribs did not."

Dumbledore nodded. If she was right she would have to clear his back, reveal the scars they had not seen now. Somehow seeing the marks left behind made it real, no more just words on a piece of parchment.

Poppy cast another spell over Severus. It didn't take as long as the one before, as she knew where to search and what to look for. Unfortunately she found what she had feared.

"For some miracle it seems that everything healed better than I had expected it. Only his ribs did not. Probably due to the constant breathing and the fact that they were broken over and over again", she said after the examination.

Together they rolled the young man's body onto the front and Poppy removed his robes with a vanishing charm. The sight wasn't nice, to say the least.

The bones were clearly visible, the expected scars crossed over them. Only that it were more than they had imagined. One even reached his neck. A careless strike. Surely the person doing it didn't mind if he died, should it open the artery. What it had almost done, in fact.

Tears were filling the witches eyes. She couldn't believe that someone could be that cruel, do such a thing to a child.

She reached out for his back, trying to ease his pain with a gentle touch. About an inch before her fingers made contact with his skin, he flinched. Severus must have felt someone was coming nearer, and his past taught him that this meant pain.

Poppy couldn't hold back her tears any longer. She slumped into a chair, lowered her head and allowed the drops to roll down her face. A gentle hand placed itself on her shoulder.

"It's alright. It's not your fault", Dumbledore tried to calm her. But his voice was shaking as well. He too felt sorry for his young teacher.

They sat there for a while, no one saying a word. They just waited until they were able to control themselves again.

Several minutes later the medi-witch got up and raised her wand, pointing it at Severus' ribs. She whispered a few spells, following the line of his bones. Luckily, if you can say so, the spots there where fractures didn't heal properly were easily found, due to his malnourished state.

It didn't take her long to heal him. After that she turned to his right arm. Poppy hadn't dared to look towards it yet, somehow afraid of seeing the cuts. Angry red lines crossed the almost white skin.

She had heard that some muggles cut themselves, using a razor or something like that. Usually they didn't cut deep, the wounds left only thin, white lines.

Though Severus showed the same behavior, his cuts were deeper, most

likely done with a knife, and they would leave scars more visible.
The already healed wounds proofed this.

Poppy was just about to take his arm in order to have a better look
at the cuts when her patient woke up.

* * *

><p>I'm not good at writing conversations with Severus not being
awake or part of it. I hope it will get better as soon as that
changes.<p>

**And please review! If I get at least five reviews until Sunday noon
(German time), I'll post the next chapter already this
weekend.**

4. Chapter 3

**Luckily I already got 5 new reviews. I couldn't wait to update
myself.**

**Thanks for your reviews! I'm glad to hear you like my story. And
thanks to the guests who reviewed as well. Sadly I can't answer your
comments.**

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><p>How could I've been so blind?

Chapter 3

It took Severus not even a second to gain full consciousness. He was
used to wake up as soon as someone, or something, touched his
skin.

Immediately he flinched and backed away from the person near him,
trembling with fear of what might await him. Only when he realized it
was Poppy, the medi-witch of Hogwarts. Right next to her sat
Dumbledore. Both cast him astonished looks, changing into worry and
finally pity.

With this a thought reached his mind: He was still alive. Again
someone decided to deny him death. Why did everyone always want to
torture him? Why couldn't they just let him die? There was nothing in
this world what made his life worth living.

And now even Lily was gone. The only person who ever really cared for
him. As long as she had been alive there was still hope that she
would forgive him one day. Forgive him that one name he had called
her, by accident, in anger: mudblood. Now this last bit of hope was
gone forever.

Tears shot to his eyes, but Severus fought them back. He couldn't allow himself to cry in front of others. Especially not if among these others was Dumbledore.

He wrapped his arms tighter around his chest and lowered his head, hair shielding his face from the world.

"Let me die!", he whispered in a weak voice. First, this was only answered by shocked silence.

"I can't. Severus, I'm a healer! I swore an oath to save my patients from death. I can't let you commit suicide!", Poppy replied, still not believing in the young man's words, his plea for death.

He just looked at her. Though his eyes showed no emotions, his thoughts were racing in his mind. Why did she care if he lived or died? She had never done before, why now? He was useless. A waste of space, a waste of time, care, or love. He wasn't even needed as a spy anymore, the Dark Lord was gone. Couldn't she understand that it was better for all of them if he just died? No one liked him, no one would miss him anyway. He was nothing more than a burden to everyone surrounding him.

"Let me die", Severus repeated, lowering his voice as well as his head. He was still trembling, but not from fear any longer, from grief. Again tears were starting to reach his eyes. Not much longer and he wouldn't be able to hold them back. Why was he suddenly that weak? He hadn't cried in front of others for years, only when he was completely alone. And even that was a long time ago. In fact he couldn't remember crying since his fifth year, after he had lost Lily.

Lily. She was the only one who made him lower his mask he wore every day in public. Only she saw his feelings. Yet he was never brave enough to tell her what he truly felt for her, that he loved her.

And now she was dead. It was his fault the Dark Lord murder her. It was his fault that she was gone from this world. It didn't matter if he cast the curse or not, he killed her.

Dumbledore knew that. He knew it was Severus who told the Dark Lord about the prophecy. It was because of this that they were chased and, in the end, murdered.

Finally he reached the point he had feared he would. Tears ran down his face. His body was shaking, grief and pain washing over him, controlling his mind. Yet he remained silent. His father had told him not to make a sound or he would get an even worse beating.

A hand placed itself on his shoulder. A gentle touch, an attempt to comfort him. But Severus backed away, not wanting anyone near him, seeing his weakness.

"Leave me alone!", he hissed, desperately trying to keep the pain out of his voice. In this point he failed, but the hand left. Then he heard a chair being moved and a few whispered words.

"Come on, Poppy. I think we should let him be for a while", Dumbledore said quietly. Soon another chair moved, footsteps

followed, a door was opened and closed again. Only then Severus dared to look up again. The room was dark now, the lights turned off. And even after his eyes got used to the darkness around him he couldn't make out another person. He was alone, save to let his mask fall down, reveal the feelings hidden behind it.

Severus lay down again, pressing his face against the pillow. He hugged his knees to his chest and let the tears flow freely.

* * *

><p>"Do you think it's wise to let him alone? After all he just committed suicide. What if he tries again now that no one's around?", Poppy asked anxiously. In these past few hours she had felt a liking towards the young man grow inside her. First, it was only slight, like to everyone who spent time in her care while ill. But it grew stronger by the minute, especially after he woke up.<p>

The way he had backed away from her had shocked the medi-witch. It wasn't out of anger. It was fear. Fear of being hurt, being punished for doing something wrong. Not fear of her, or Dumbledore, of someone who wasn't even in the room. She had seen it in his eyes. Only a second later it was gone again, hidden behind a veil. But it had been there nonetheless.

"Wouldn't you know if he tried?", the headmaster interrupted her thoughts. Of course Poppy would. She had double-checked the wards around the room before they brought him in there, knowing it would be necessary later.

"Anyway, I don't think Severus will try right now. He's not able to control his feelings now. He should let it out, and I think he won't as long as someone is around", the old man went on.

"You're right, he wouldn't. I never saw through his mask before." He had always been cold, almost hateful towards everyone around him, even as a student. Poppy never thought much about this behavior, she just saw him as the typical Slytherin: bad character, setting himself above everything non-magical, hating muggleborns and their friends. Later, when she heard he became a Death Eater, it seemed that she had been true, he was evil.

Today she was proven wrong. He hid his true feelings, guarding himself off the world. Afraid to be hurt if he showed anyone what he really thought or felt.

With this thoughts a sad sigh escaped her lips and she turned her face to the headmaster.

"You should get some rest. It must have been a long night", she told him. Both knew what she meant. First the shocking news of Lily and James Potter's demise, then bringing Harry to his new home and now a teacher committing suicide. Poppy hadn't found sleep so far, for sure Dumbledore hadn't as well.

"Probably you're right. But, please don't hesitate to call me if something happens, whether with Severus or anything else." The matron nodded in agreement. The old man gave her a small smile, then left the hospital wing.

Poppy sat down in a comfortable chair and closed her eyes. She tried to bring her thoughts back into order, with no great success. The resent events upset her too much.

* * *

><p>That was sad to write, especially the part where Severus is thinking about Lily's death and his part in it. Luckily I had tomatoes, otherwise I guess I would have cried.<p>

Next chapter will follow on Friday, but don't hesitate to review!

5. Chapter 4

Guest (the one who reviewed chapter 3): Believe me, I asked myself the same question. It seems that no one wants the next chapter. Well, here it is anyway. Your other question is answered in this.

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Chapter 4

Once he let the first tear out, he couldn't hold them back any longer. The sorrow was too much for him to bear. He had forced it down for too long now.

Severus hated himself for that. He could endure harsh beatings or hours of torture without a single sound escaping his lips. But he wasn't able to stop grief taking control over his mind and body. Worse, he almost broke in front of others! If his father saw him like this he would have beaten him. He knew he would have deserved it, being weak like this.

Still, he didn't fight against the tears. It felt like dishonouring Lily's memory if he did. She was worth every possible punishment he could be given. In fact, nothing could be worse than a world without her.

How was he supposed to survive without her? Even after their ways parted he always knew she was there. Maybe they would be friends again one day. Of course Severus was not foolish enough to believe things would be the same as before. Words could not be made unspoken, hurt feelings could not be healed. But he wished they would be able to see eye to eye at least.

By now the pillow was wet with tears, but Severus didn't care. He shivered as a cool breeze rushed over his bare back. He didn't cover himself with the blanket. If not from blood loss as he had planned,

he might die from a cold. The result would be the same.

Then realization hit him. They knew! They saw the scars, the cuts. Everything he wanted to hide from them. What should he tell them now? At least Dumbledore knew the Dark Lord was not whipping his followers, he knew more painful ways to torture them. Besides, it was a _muggle_ method. The cuts would be even harder to explain. Who would do that except for himself?

But should he even try to lie? His father couldn't punish him for telling someone, he was dead. And if Poppy had run a diagnostic spell over him, what she certainly had, surely she would know anyway. Why not admit it then?

Because they would pity him, see him as a helpless child. Severus was neither helpless nor a child, and he never liked being treated like that. Not even when he actually _was_ a child, when he _was_ helpless against his father's wrath.

No, he couldn't tell them. Severus couldn't talk about it at all. He had always given his best effort to keep these memories out of his thoughts. He wouldn't bring them up willingly now.

He turned around on the bed and let the sorrow wash over him again. After an eternity he fell asleep.

* * *

><p>Severus didn't know how much time had passed when he woke again. It must have been several hours as the sun was starting to rise outside. The sky he could see through the window was already grey.<p>

He was astonished that he slept that long, and he couldn't remember a single dream either. Usually he was woken by a nightmare, about his childhood or his time as a Death Eater, before dawn. Why not today? Severus had expected to have even worse dreams after that fateful night. He couldn't remember someone giving him a dreamless potion.

Maybe it was the exhaustion. Maybe finally his body won the battle against his mind, held down the dark memories and gained a bit more strength than normally.

Someone had put the blanket over him, careful not to touch him, not to wake him. Afterwards he was left alone again. Allowing him the space he needed.

With a sigh Severus pushed himself in a sitting position. A sting along his right wrist brought his mind to the deep wound he had done himself. When he looked at it a few drops of blood built along the cut. As much as he liked to open it again, he knew he wouldn't have a chance to die. Poppy would know immediately.

A pile of black robes lay next to the bed. Quickly Severus got up and dress. He hated showing too much skin, especially if it was scarred. As soon as his back was covered again and he turned around to leave, Poppy came in. Damn her, did nothing escape her notice?

"I thought you would try to leave as soon as you woke up", she said

without further delay. "Well, I fear I have to stop you. I cannot let someone go who just committed suicide. And besides, Albus wants me to keep an eye on you."

"I'm not a child! I do not need a babysitter!", he spat at her in reply.

"You will not leave until I allow you to. I'll lock you inside if I have to", she shot back. Dumbledore had warned her that he might not like this and she would need to be strict. Poppy didn't feel well about using this tone on him, not after she learned about the abuse. Surely he was used to obey if she spoke like this. But why couldn't he just see that it was only to his best?

Severus cast her a dark glance, but sat back down on the bed. It would be disrespectful if he didn't follow her orders. His father taught him so, and if he should ever forget this he had scars to remind him. Later, the Dark Lord repeated the lesson.

"Good. If you need something you can call me. Except it's a knife or something like this, of course", Poppy said, trying to take the tense away from the situation.

"I need my peace", he answered under his breath. Though the medi-witch heard what he said, she decided to ignore it. Instead she turned around and left the room. She couldn't change the rules, whether he liked it or not.

Severus sighed. Before he had committed suicide no one cared about him. No one was interested in how he felt. He was a Slytherin, later a Death Eater. With this he was doomed to deal with his guilt on his own.

Was it surprising then that he was cutting himself? They didn't know what he had done, what he was forced to endure. They never asked, and they wouldn't have listened anyway. He was supposed to be cold-hearted, feel no pity and hate everything non-magical.

Not that the last was hard to do. After all his father was a muggle. What had he done to him? His classmates at school had been muggles. And what had they done? They hated him for what he was, why shouldn't he do the same in return? Even Petunia didn't like her own sister because Lily was a witch and she was not. Why was it wrong to treat them the same way?

Of course, today Severus knew why. These muggles were not able to defend themselves. No matter how strong their body was, a simple Stunning Spell and they were no longer bothering him. Not even accidental magic could help them, they possessed none. In other words, they were helpless against witches and wizards.

Muggles might not need protection against wizard-kind in general, but certainly against the evil ones like the Dark Lord. If even his followers were not safe against his wrath, muggles were even less.

Severus learned this the hard way. He was tortured right from the beginning. No matter what he had done, whether it helped the Dark Lord or not, he almost never left a meeting without the after effects of the Cruciatus Curse being present in his nervous system.

Severus shook his head. He hated it when this thoughts came up. Wasn't he suffering enough with all this guilt lying upon him? After all he had murdered muggles before he realized this.

He rose from the bed again and paced up and down the room. It was way too bright for his liking. It made him restless if he couldn't hide in some dark corner. An obvious advantage of the dungeons, and the reason why he preferred to stay down there. There was always some darkness there no one would see him, no one would find him if he wanted to be left alone.

The day went on like this, time passed by slowly. Poppy didn't come again. Severus didn't mind. He was left alone when he wanted it, at last. No one was bothering him. It would have been perfect if he was in his private chambers.

Unfortunately he wasn't and for that he didn't manage to calm himself down. When he wasn't sitting on the bed, looking down on his hands and waiting for the night, he was walking from one end of the room to the other and back again. Severus knew he could have called for food whenever he wanted. But he was not in the mood to eat anything and he wasn't hungry either.

Finally it was getting darker outside again. Nightfall came quickly now and an hour later it was completely dark. Severus was pleasantly surprised when neither Poppy nor Dumbledore came to visit him. It almost seemed as if they had forgotten him. As long as they wouldn't forget to let him out he didn't mind.

* * *

><p>Severus stood in complete darkness. He didn't know where he was or how he came there. He didn't even know if he was standing at all.<p>

Suddenly something hit him across the face. As soon as it had come it was gone again. Only the sting in his cheek remained.

Another stroke hit him, more forceful than the one before. But still Severus couldn't make out who hit him or where the blow came from.

Hastily he turned around, trying to see something, anything. But there was nothing. Nothing to show him what was going on.

Out of a sudden an all too familiar voice echoed through the darkness. It could be only one person.

"BOY!", his father yelled. "COME OVER HERE! NOW!"

Terrified Severus looked around. Where was the voice coming from? How was he supposed to follow his father's orders if he didn't even know where he had to go? Panic rose inside him, starting to take control over his mind.

Something hard hit him in the back. Somehow he knew it was his father's belt, the punishment for not obeying his orders.

"YOU BLIND IDIOT! I TOLD YOU TO COME!" Severus fell to the floor,

which had appeared out of thin air right when he was about to fall. Suddenly there was light as well. For the first time he was able to see his surroundings.

He didn't recognize the place. He was lying on a wooden floor in a hall. It was gloomy, and dirty, but it was too big for his home.

A second person appeared out of the shadows while lashes rained down upon his back. With shock Severus noticed the long red hair. Lily! She stepped out of the darkness and he saw the angry expression in her eyes.

"You know you deserve this", she said, her cool voice sending a shiver down his spine. "You deserve to be beaten for what you've done!"

Severus just looked at her, not wanting to believe what she had said, but knowing it was true.

"I don't know why I even tried to help you." His father was still hitting him with his belt, but he didn't feel the pain any more. What was she saying?

"I should have known better than to befriend you. You are weak! You can't even fight against your own father! How could I even consider you to be a good friend for me?"

Now tears filled his eyes. He refused to believe this! But a part of him told him she was right. She deserved someone better than him. Someone stronger. Someone who could protect her if she needed protection.

"And look what became of you! A Slytherin, a Death Eater! You are evil! How could I've been so blind?" She made a pause, allowing her words to sink in. The anger in her eyes changed into satisfaction at seeing him getting hurt.

"You killed me! Me and my love! And you almost killed my son, too!"

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><p>Well, this was a bit longer than my usual about 1,000 words, but whenever I wanted to end it, I had lots of ideas to write. Would have been good if it wasn't at the end of a chapter!

This time I won't update unless I have a total of at least 25 reviews. I want to know if I shall continue this story or not.

End
file.